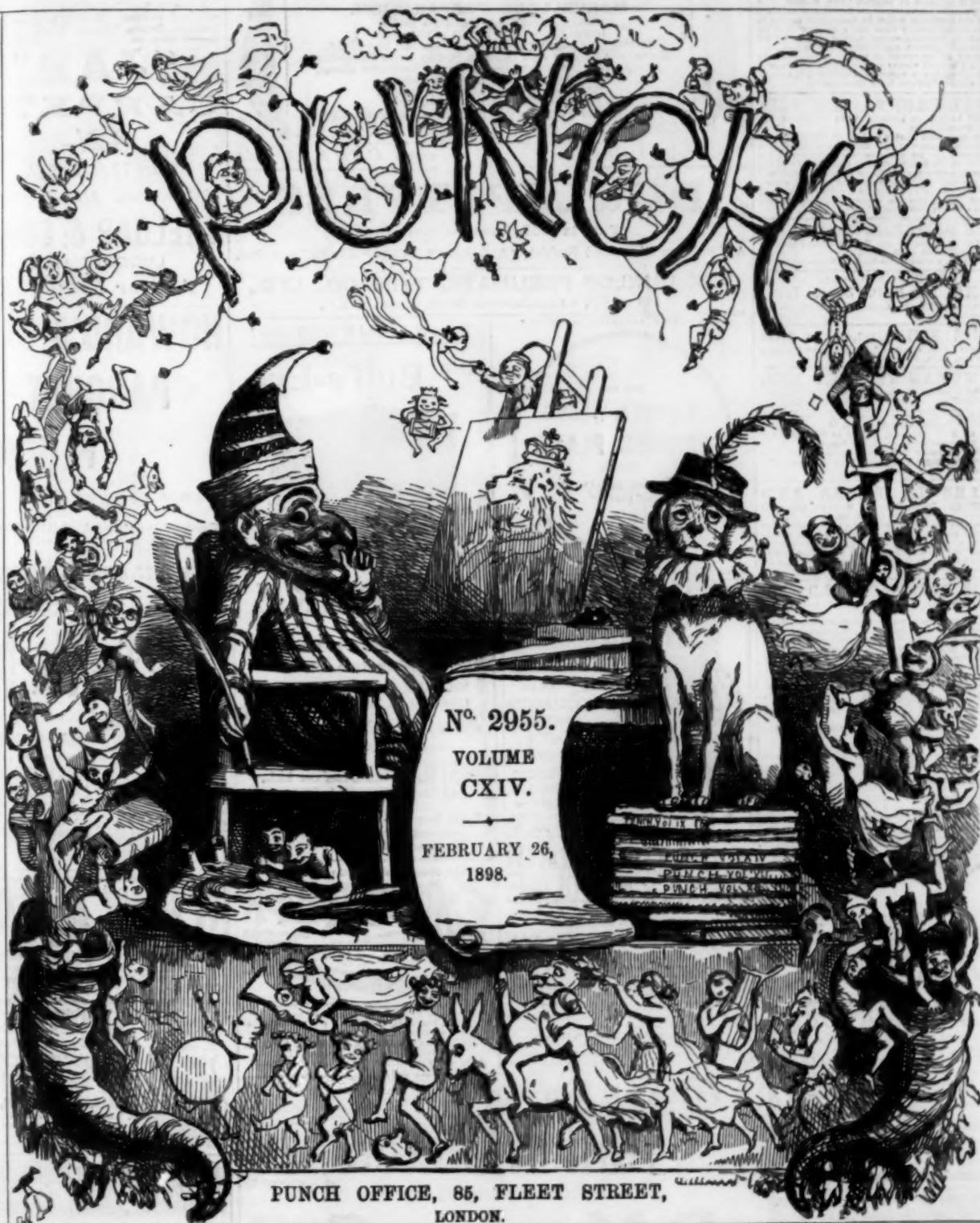


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### 'ARRY AMONG THE LONG TAILS.

HE MAKES THE ACQUAINTANCE OF A COURSING JUDGE, BUT THEY DO NOT "HIT IT OFF," SOMEHOW.

### ARS BREVIS!

THE *St. James's Gazette* states that Mr. ENGELHARDT, a Chicago painter, "throws off marvellously clever paintings at the rate of nine minutes for large canvasses, and three minutes for small ones," working in this way from ten to seventeen hours each day. As a result of his brilliant example, we may hope shortly to read in our papers such paragraphs as the following:—

An interesting lecture on "Modern Art" was delivered last week by Professor SLAPDASH, R.A. In the course of his remarks, the Professor took occasion to protest against the excessive speed with which some painters complete their work. His views on this point were somewhat reactionary, and he caused a good deal of dissent among his audience when he maintained that no artist should produce more than a couple of hundred finished pictures each week. As Professor SLAPDASH is one of the Hanging Committee, it is possible that his opinion is influenced by the fact that rather more than two million canvasses were sent in to Burlington House last year.

We hear that Signor PRESTISSIMO, the celebrated Italian sculptor, is extremely busy just now, and finds some difficulty in keeping pace with his numerous commis-

sions. He is not, however, a slow worker. We were fortunate enough to spend a couple of hours in his studio the other day, during which time Signor PRESTISSIMO completed six life-size statues, four beautifully-modelled groups, seven designs for friezes, and twenty-one small busts. But his experience is that the sculptor who works at this rate is ill-advised if he attempts to keep it up for more than fifteen or sixteen hours each day. General attention will be directed to his colossal figure of "Hercules," which is shortly to be exhibited, as it is understood that Signor PRESTISSIMO spent no less than twenty minutes in perfecting it.

The state of the literary market is dull at present, the number of new books published last week being only one hundred and forty thousand. Probably there will be no great stir of activity until the Autumn publishing season comes round again. By far the most noticeable volume of the past week was *The Growth of Mankind*, a comprehensive work in ten volumes. Such a work comes as a timely reproach to the facile scribblers of the present day, who may affect to despise the author of this masterpiece, because it absorbed his full industry for no less than a month. But the careful student of *The Growth of Mankind* will recognise with delight the polished accuracy of style and the profundity of

knowledge which characterise it, and will not deem the month misspent, even though the whole of it was devoted to the composition of this one masterpiece.

Does the Poet-laureate earn his official income? That question is often asked by the public, and it is satisfactory to be able to answer in the affirmative. On Monday of last week, for instance, the Poet-laureate wrote four ballads, of about five hundred lines each. Tuesday and Wednesday he devoted to the composition of an epic poem in ten cantos. On Thursday he produced a translation of the *Iliad*, on Friday in original blank-verse tragedy. Saturday he regards as a holiday, and he wrote nothing on that day beyond a Nuptial Ode of a few hundred lines. Of course, many younger bards can finish their songs at a speed far greater, but for a middle-aged man, the above seems to us to be a very fair week's work.

It is said that the new "Instantaneous Literary Supply Company" will be started next month. Commodious premises in Oxford Street have been secured, and the company will be prepared to prepare any kind of literature for their customers "while they wait." A talented staff has been engaged, who will be able to produce literature of all kinds at the maximum speed and the minimum price.

Mr SEMIBREVE, the eminent composer, asks us to state that he resents being unduly hurried with his work. He wishes Festival Committees to understand that he cannot provide a new oratorio unless at least two days' notice is given.

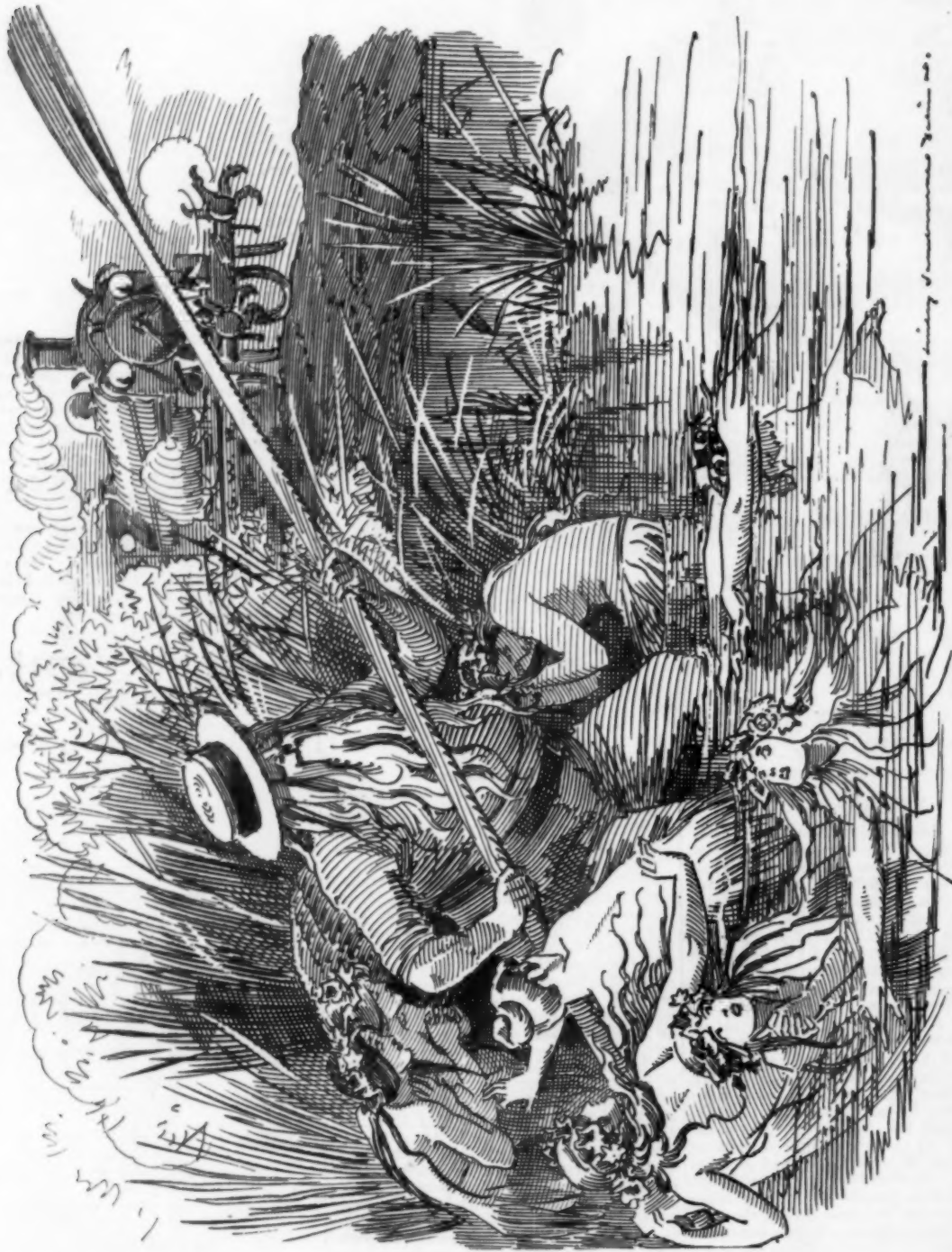
Of a popular actress it was recently said, "she acts like a charm." Yes; but what sort of "charm"? and then, what kind of effect has that "charm"? Circe exercised her charms on Ulysses' friends.



### [REJECTED!]

(Defeated—by Half an inch.)

"So many boys are offering themselves for the Navy, that the Admiralty have increased the standard of chest measurement by half an inch." [Standard.]



*Father Thames (to Henley Naiads). "DON'T BE ALARMED, MY DEARS. IF HE COMES WITHIN OUR REACH, I'LL SOON SETTLE HIS BUSINESS!"*

[The G. W. R. Company must have known that their contemplated line from Marlow to Henley would raise a storm of opposition against any interference with the Thames at spots so sacred to all charmers.—"Fide" *"A Correspondent"* in *"Times," February 14.*]

## AIRS RESUMPTIVE.

## THE PLAINT OF DYING HUMOUR.

(After C. S. C.)

["It is reported that Sir LEWIS MORRIS" (M.A., Author of *The Epic of Hades, Songs Unsung, Songs without Notes, &c.*, retired candidate for Carmarthen Boroughs, and J.F.) "has complained that laughter is dying out."—*Daily Paper.*]

I KNOW not what the cause should be  
That Humour melts my heart no more;  
That nothing now induces me  
To roar.

In days of old my waistcoat heaved  
Conjointly with my heaving chest  
As soon as ever I perceived  
A jest;

The simple pun, the patent wheeze,  
Would take me in the diaphragm;  
But now I hardly care for these  
A cent.

I almost fear—I know not why—  
That Laughter's fount has been mislaid;  
I could not giggle, not if I  
Was paid.

And yet my health is very fair;  
I harbour no religious doubts;  
And am but sixty-four or there-  
-abouts.

Time was when I and others laughed;  
When many an apoplectic fit  
Was traced directly to a shaft  
Of wit;

For such would find the harness-joint,  
And pierce the vulnerable spot,  
Whether they chanced to have a point  
Or not.

I've been, myself, severely blamed  
For causing careless men to choke,  
Though (wittingly) I never framed  
A joke.

You know the "Welsh Harp," Hendon  
way?

Well, I had one—it came from Wales;  
On this it was my pride to play  
The scales.

Occasionally I would strike  
Such notes as never yet were heard;  
Or even sing without them, like  
A bird.

I sang for joy with either lung;  
I draw applause from youngish maids;  
And had a small success among  
The shades.

And once, when I was straitly pressed  
To go and stand for Parliament,  
I ceased my yingling (by request)  
And went.

I went and canvassed. Celti: fire  
Flamed in my eye and scorched the lid;  
And when they asked me to retire,  
I did.

I settled down again and played  
The same old harp with all my might;  
And subsequently I was made  
A knight.

But when the ever-verdant bays  
Alighted on another's head,  
Somehow I deemed that Humour's days  
Were dead.

And yet, who knows? Some Orpheus now  
May strike his rib-compelling lyre  
Till man and tree and pensive cow  
Perspire!



Tenor (singing). "OH, 'APPY, 'APPY, 'APPY BE THY DREAMS —"  
Professor. "STOP, STOP! WHY DON'T YOU SOUND THE H!"  
Tenor. "IT DON'T GO NO 'IGHER THAN G!"

Suppose, for instance, I should hum  
The sort of things I hummed of yore,  
And take my jocund harp and strum  
Some more:—

The Spirit of Laughter—if I'm right—  
Though sadly worn is still alive;  
And, under these conditions, might  
Revive!

## THIRTY YEARS HENCE.

(Echoes from a Twentieth Century Theatre.)

FANCY people wearing gowns without at-  
mospheric extenders in 1898! How ridicu-  
lous they must have appeared!  
And that funny, shapeless sack used to be  
called a Russian jacket!

How could they have put on those huge  
hats, all muslin and feathers?  
And think of any one having twelve but-  
tons to one's gloves!

You may be sure they did wear jewelled  
dog-collars round their necks.  
Look at their hair! Why, it's a regular  
bird's nest, with a bob at the top!

Imagine any one muffling up one's face  
with a veil nowadays!

Grandpapa used to put that stove pipe,  
silky-looking thing on his head and call it  
a "topper."

Taking tea at five and dining at eight,  
what hours!

Oh, dear! what a funny idea to nail soup  
plates to the walls and cover the floors with  
rugs!

How could they have managed to read  
with that antediluvian electric light?

Those rolled-up things were called um-  
brellas.

And yet there was something pic-  
turesquely quaint about the general dis-  
comfort of the period.

LOGIC.—"It must be obvious," said the  
Lady Lecturer, "that the girl is infinitely  
superior to the boy. The man who is  
cheerful we describe as buoyant; but the  
brave and courageous man is gallant."

[Resumes her seat amidst loud applause.]





## SOMETHING LIKE SPORT.

(As practised amongst our poor gulls, &amp;c.)

Shooting Fiend (to Inquiring Stranger). "OW DO I GET 'EM IF THEY FALLS INTO THE SEA! LOR' BLESS Y', WHY, I DON' WANT 'EM. ALL I WANTS IS THE FUN O' FETCHIN' OF 'EM DOWN!"

## "MUCH ADO" AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

As Mr. LOWELL observed, or quoted, "The man who never makes a mistake will never make anything," and on this ground *à propos* of the recent production of *Much Ado* at the St. James's Theatre, I venture to think that Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, as PAT MULLIGAN put it, "has a greater future before him than ever he had behind him." Could scenery, for the most part excellent, and sumptuous costumes of artistic design, contribute more than their fair share towards making a success, then, for what is lacking in the merits both of stage management and of acting, full compensation would have been made in this revival, which cannot fail to be compared by playgoers, those uncompromising "old hands," with a representation of the same play, not so very long ago, at another theatre. Such comparisons are, as we are aware, "odorous," and to be altogether avoided. That Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER looks the *Benedick*, "a young Lord of Padua," would be undeniable, if that unconfirmed bachelor were of the same age, or even younger than that other "young Lord of Padua," *Signor Claudio*, whom he disdainfully terms "boy," just as do those two reverend seniors, *Leonato*, the father, and *Antonio*, uncle of *Hero*. *Benedick*, it may be fairly assumed, is older than the two Princes, *Don Pedro* and *Don John*, and, beyond all question, than *Claudio*. He is

the link between the elders and the youths; he is *Benedick* in the very prime of his manhood, and fully eight years older than *Beatrice*, who had resolved to die an old maid unless she, like *Benedick*, should live to be married. In point of age, *Beatrice* is to *Hero*, as *Benedick* to *Claudio*. *Beatrice* is not a *Miss Hoyden*, nor is *Benedick* a "touch-and-go" *Charles Harcourt*; *Miss JULIA NEILSON* would be quite unfitted for *Miss Hoyden*, while Mr. ALEXANDER carries in his face just so much of cynical expression as would make the character of the careless young roysterer quite unsuitable to him, though it ought to be a natural gift on



"I am trusted with a muzzle. . . If I had my mouth, I would bite." (Act I., sc. 3.)

## ADMIRABLE CREIGHTON.

["The Bishop of LONDON, in distributing the certificates to competitors for the County Council Scholarships at Queen's Hall, declared that if he could get his own way he would abolish the teaching of grammar in schools entirely . . . because it was the subject farthest from real life."—*Daily Mail*.]

DR. CREIGHTON, what ho! good old Bishop, well said! This time, Sir, you hit the right nail on the head. Why waste precious time learning goodness knows what, I fully agree with you, grammar is rot.

But, right reverend Sir, I go further than you, I don't see the use of arithmetic, too; And geography, history, science—I feel There's something about them distinctly unreal.

Then strictly I'd carry your principles out, And spend all my school-time in "mucking about": Thus gaining experience and shrewd common-sense, And saving the pater a needless expense.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

LIKE an earlier and even more distinguished excursionist, Mr. CONAN DOYLE did not "go down into Egypt" for nothing. He brought back with him materials for a story, published by SMITH, ELDER, under the title *The Tragedy of the Korosko*. The materials are exceedingly simple. A party of COOK's tourists set forth on the familiar journey up the Nile. They are seized by a party of Dervishes, carried off into captivity, and rescued by a detachment of the Indian Camel Corps. Out of these somewhat commonplace materials, Mr. DOYLE has fashioned a story of breathless interest, lightened by many touches of character, and framed in the carefully-studied atmosphere of the Nubian desert. The story will not rank among his supremest efforts. But it is full of life and colour, a pleasant companion for a restful hour.

It is an exceedingly difficult task to write a volume chiefly composed of the sayings of children. Beyond the fond family circle a little of this kind of wit and wisdom goes a long way. In *The Professor's Children* (LONGMANS), Miss E. H. FOWLER has, my Baronite tells me, adventured this task and has accomplished it. The dainty book is a close sympathetic study of the child-mind, and the narrative is full of those quaint fancies which find birth in its virgin soil.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

which he should have traded when contemplating the part of *Benedick*. With another two months' careful study and intelligent rehearsal, Mr. ALEXANDER might have given us an ideal *Benedick*, and a perfectly stage-managed representation of the play, which, as it is, seems to justify its title of *Much Ado about Nothing*.

When Mr. ALEXANDER comes to the serious dramatic situation where he breaks with the Prince and challenges *Claudio*, how excellent he is! He would have done well had he turned back and studied the character from this one standpoint. The two scenes in the garden, where, first, *Benedick* overhears *Don Pedro*, *Claudio* and *Leonato* talking about the love of *Beatrice* for him, and, secondly, where *Beatrice* (apparently in a sort of bathing costume) overhears the discourse of *Hero* and *Margaret* about the love of *Benedick* for her, show such a lack of resourceful stage management as brings out all the glaring improbabilities of the situations, and thus reduces comedy to mere farce. The present arrangement may be supported by every sort of old-fashioned precedent and stage tradition, but Mr. ALEXANDER would have done better had he determined to "reform it altogether."

Mr. FRED TERRY is a merry *Don Pedro*, with just such princely dignity as is sufficient to mark the distinction of his rank. But how loud the three laugh and talk when *Benedick* has them in full view! How



## COLD COMFORT.

"OH, TOM, HOW LUCKY YOU HAVE YOUR MACKINTOSH ON!"

they "give themselves away" by the affected gravity of their exit!

Mr. NUTCOMBE GOULD is a stately friar, a little too lavish of informal and eccentric blessings.

Miss FAY DAVIS seems to be thrown away on *Hero*, or *Hero* thrown away on Miss FAY DAVIS: a knotty point not to be decided off-hand. The low comic parts of clown *Dogberry* and pantaloon *Verges* are—well, I may here make a comparison, putting it in the form of a question, and asking if there be any playgoer who may remember being taken, when he was quite a boy, at a genuinely critical age, to see KEELEY as *Dogberry* and BUCKSTONE as *Verges*?\* Oh, the impenetrable stolid stupidity of that *Dogberry*! and the obsequious admiration of that deaf old *Verges*! *Passions*, Mr. W. H. VERNON is a noble and dignified *Leonato*, failing only once, and that is when, during "the chapel scene," he asks in a light-hearted way if anybody would oblige him with a sword, just to put an end to his life. And the *Antonio* of Mr. BEVERIDGE is excellent, conveying the idea that he is a great traveller, and has just returned from a little tour in Ireland, where he has caught just the least taste in life of the brogue, and is ready at the shortest notice to whip out a shillelagh and cry "Wigs on the Green!" before *Claudio* and *Don Pedro*

\* I cannot, however, find, in the *Henry Irving Shakespeare*, any record of KEELEY and BUCKSTONE having played *Dogberry* and *Verges* together between 1846 and 1853.

know where they are. Capital! In my 'umble opinion, it would be very difficult to find a better representative of that melodramatic villain, *Don John*, than is Mr. H. B. IRVING. But Oh, Mr. IRVING, junior, beware of adding syllables and dropping the



Benedick (to Beatrice). "I will go with thee to thy uncle's." (Act V., sc. 3.)

voice! beware of mannerism, for this *Don John* is but a twin brother to that part of a quite modern up-to-date villain wherein you so recently distinguished yourself, at this theatre, on these very boards! On the whole, the revival will excite curiosity, which will be allayed by the time the next novelty is ready for production.

## "WILL THEY COME?"

THE following advertisement is cut from the *Liverpool Daily Post* :—

"If MARY JANE BROWN, who in the year 1871 lived in Shakspeare Street, or her Representatives, if dead, will apply to the Undersigned, she or they may hear something to their advantage."

There is something particularly uncanny in this business-like calling of the spirits from the vasty deep. Why are MARY JANE BROWN's representatives to apply only "if dead"? No particular sartorial directions are given; but it is reasonable to suppose that if they apply they will turn up in their shrouds. That will be a nice experience for the office boy in the service of the advertising solicitors. He should immediately apply for a rise in his wages.

## Tertium Quid.

(A new way with the Peers.)

ONCE thus the option ran :—

"Mend 'em or end 'em."

Now ASQUITH's milder plan  
Is *Referendum*.

A VERY IMPORTANT "M.P."—He is to be found in Nyasaland. His name is MPWENI, said to be able to put 30,000 warriors in the field. What M.P. can absolutely command so many voters?

A CURATE for half a century was last week spoken of in the *D. T.* as something wonderful. But what is a curate for fifty years compared with a "Perpetual Curate"?



"MUMMY DEAR, CAN'T WE PLAY AND BE JOLLY TOGETHER! YOU ARE SO—SO DREADFULLY GROWN-UP!"

### LUDWIG IN LONDON.

PICCALILLI.

HONOURED MISTER,—In Berlin the stranger visits first the remarkablest street called *Die Linden*, or more solemnly *Unter den Linden*, under the limes. Therefore in visiting London's *Sehenswürdigkeiten* I go first to piccalilli—ah no, you write the names of streets and places with a big letter—Piccalilli, the Limes of London. I remember the name because I have seen it on a bottle of the english "Piccalilli Pickles." When I lern a strange language I notice and remember everything.

I go from the boardinghouse near the Naturalhistory Museum, which the young barrister now says was made in Germany. I think that this is false, *falsch*, but perhaps he means that the architekt was a German, which is very probable as the building is like a german one. Besides the german architekt's are the best in the world. I believe that one of them at the present time restores and improves the Parthenon in Athen. But I can not understand why a german architekt should make a building which looks like Stilton cheese. From there I go in the omnibus to Heidpark Corner.

The entrance of your park is like the Brandenburger Thor in Berlin, but not so large and not so handsome. In the park there is no beautiful, wide alley like the Charlottenburger Chaussee in our Animalgarden, and what is still badder—ah no, more bad—one can not go in the park in a omnibus, or even in a "keb. Of course there are no tramways, because you have them not in London. I walk not willing, so till now I see not the Heidpark. As regards Piccalilli, I like not the street at all. Ah, Mister Punch, you should see our Limes in Berlin! I mean not the limetrees, which are an awful scrubby lot of trees. I mean the street, which is the beautifulest street in Berlin, and in the world. It is quite straight, it is quite flat, and it is more than 180 foot wide. *Prachttvoll!* Your Piccalilli is not straight, it is

not flat, it is about sixty foot wide, it is not even the same width all along, and the houses only on one side are all different. *Abscheulich!*

There is only one thing in it which pleases me, and that is what I see at first when I step out of the omnibus. It is the *Bildsäule*, picturecolumn—that is, statue—of the Duke of WELINGTOWN, who was the general of the english army commanded by Feldherr von BLUCHER when the latter conquered NAPOLEON. I see immediately that it is a awfully fine statue, and afterwards I discover the reason. It was made by a German. *Natürlich!* The german artists are the best in the world. I know not if you have any good carvers in England, but of course they are not so clever. It pleases me that the Englishmen must employ not only german waiters, but also german carvers. "*Deutschland, über alles!*"

As I speak of statues, I may say I have seen the statue of BOADICEA, the first Queen of England. I admired that statue, and at first I thought it was also made by a German, because it is so beautiful and warlike. The young barrister admires it not. He says it is "a rotten thing made of plaster." If it is made only of plaster of course it must soon rot. In Berlin all the statues are made of marble or bronze.

I walk a little along Piccalilli. I am quite astounded that I see not there, or in any street, even one lieutenant. In Berlin, as in every german town, one sees officers everywhere. I know that the ridiculous english army is very little, and that there are now so many generals with the soldiers in India that there can be no more english generals anywhere else, but I had thought I should see leastways lieutenants in London. But no. The young barrister says "All those Johnnies go about in Mufftes." I can not find this word in my dictionary, so it must be a town or province somewhere, perhaps in India, where the tea grows. But even if all the lieutenants called JOHNNY are travelling in the province of Mufftes, where are the lieutenants not called JOHNNY? I know not.

Obediently,                      LUDWIG.





“FINANCIAL RELATIONS.”

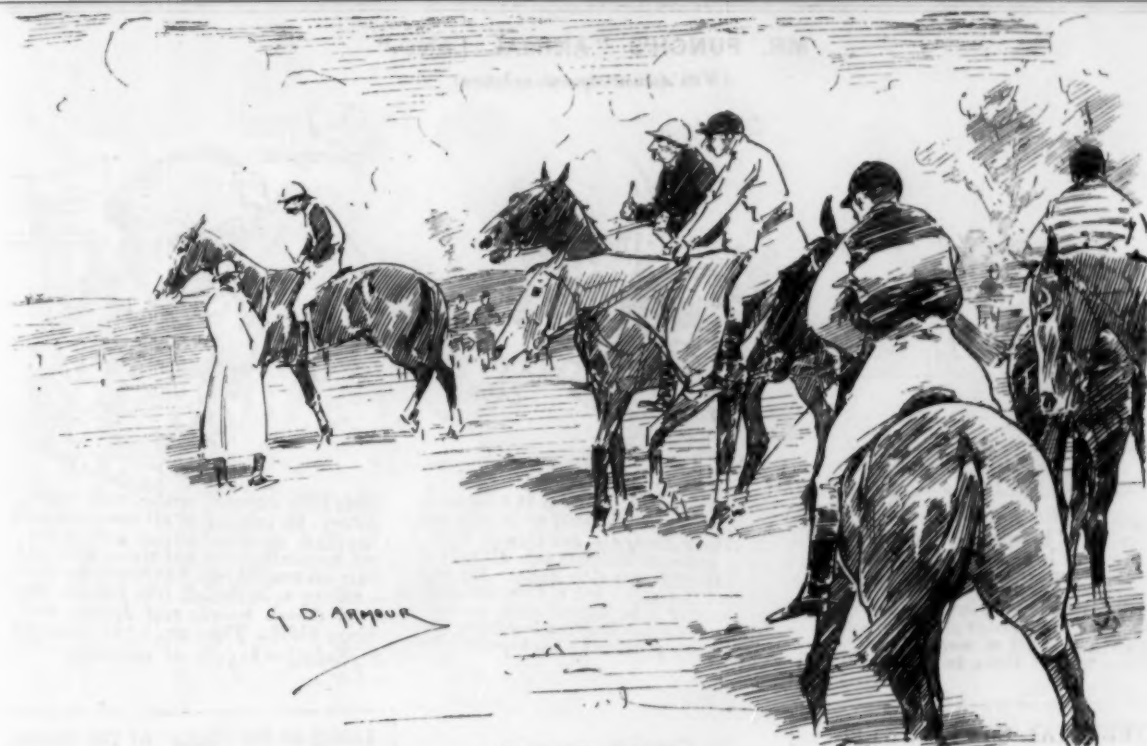
*Chorus of Long-lost Brothers.*

S-ND-RS-N, H-LY, L-CKY (*singing*):—

“IT’S THE MOST DISTHRESSFUL COUNTRY THAT EVER YOU DID SEE!

WE WANT SIV’N HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS FROM THE SAXON TREASUREE!”





## AT THE POST.

First Gentleman Rider. "Who is the swell on the lame horse?"

Second G. R. "Oh—forget his name—he's the son of the great Furniture Man, don'tcherknow."

First G. R. "Goes as if he had a Caster off, eh!"

## LAST THREE WEEKS!

SIR EVERETT MILLAIS was an instance of an "early master," for, at eleven years old, Master MILLAIS was admitted student of the Royal Academy.

And how interesting in this collection are the gradual upward steps of an Art Pilgrim's Progress. Here is seen how he was allured on the way by a Pre-Raphaelite Temptress, from whose fascinations escaping, he became stronger than ever, knowing thenceforth what to avoid. Who could believe the "Cymon and Iphigenia" of 1848 to be by the same hand that gave us "Stella" twenty years afterwards. Even two years made a vast difference, witness the "Conclusion of Peace" (1856), with its capillary aureole of ripe corn, and arms and hands belonging to anybody and everybody, in the picture; also the now famous "Vale of Rest" (1858). Yet with all his masculinity, what sentimental book-of-beauty kind of lady in fancy-dress armour is his "Joan of Arc" (1865). But how grand, how life-like, are most of his portraits! His "Sir Henry Thompson," his "Sir Richard Quain," his "Tennyson," his "Mrs. Beddington," and "Mrs. Bischoffheim," and his three lovely ladies at cards waiting for "a fourth" to be partner to one of them. Then there's "Master Bubbles," used to adorn the House of Peers. Lastly, the old warrior, the "Yeoman of the Guard," perhaps the most memorable of the whole collection. The exhibition closes March 12, which is advice gratis to those who would be sorry to have allowed such an opportunity to escape them.

Picturesque London, by that eminent Dickensian student, *Per se* FITZGERALD, will (of course) be followed up by Pickwick-icturesque London. If not, why not, as P. F. is the man to do it?



"Why don't the Authorities take a hint from the Advertisers, and illuminate the statues at night-time with the "pop-up" electric-lights? Experiment with the Griffin first."

## THE CHAIR OF NEWSPAPERS.

ACTING on the suggestion of Mr. JOHN MORLEY, Mr. Punch, as soon as he founds his new "Settlement," will appoint a gentleman to the Chair of Newspapers. The Professor must be prepared at any moment to deliver a course of lectures on any subject. The following is offered as a sample of syllabus:—

1. The Road to Chitral.—Who made it?—Who said he had made it?—Who did not know whether he had made it?—Who was silent about somebody else having made it? When and how he found out that he had made it himself?

2. Financial Relations of Ireland.—Incidence of taxation.—Amount of taxation per head of population.—Consumption of alcohol per head of population.—Royal Commission.—Blue Books.—Conclusions.

3. The Cesarewitch.—Racing.—General history.—Chariot-racing in Rome.—The quadriga, meta, currus.—Racing in England.—Newmarket.—Cesarewitch.—Probable starters and prices.—Straight tips from the stables.

4. The Legend of Talienwan.—Origin of the myth.—Times correspondent.—Growth.—Decay.—Lord Salisbury.

5. Hotels.—Management.—How to make them pay.—Butchers' bills.—Profits, five hundred per cent.—"Lights," 1s. 6d. a pound.—"What the cat's eat."—Position of shareholders.—Conclusions.

"THE happy man is content with his lot; and," continued the Cynic, "requires a lot to make him contented."



## MR. PUNCH'S "ANIMAL LAND."

(With Acknowledgments as before.)



This tiny little Animal is all pluck and is full of beans, but he does not try to spread himself like some do. Directly an enemy shows his nose he has a neat little way of pulling it off. All soldiers like him though he took them very long walks sometimes. He has got such a lot of meddles he has to leave most of them in the cloakroom.

The Mark



This clever little Animal is a terror to fight. He covers himself up in silk and horsehair every day and then he runs along passages and pops into all sorts of different cases one after another and grows a nice little screw out of them too. There isn't no need to be hanged while you can get him. (I think this is nicer drawn than most of my pictures - I do hope he'll like it.)

The Jappyote  
Lytervaysha

This little Animal writes such nice poetry. He is found at all swarries with his chest smothered all over with stars and krisanthenums and rising suns and other ornaments. He has heard the East a calling so he doesn't like London there is not enough hovris and symios and things about. They say he is growing a pig-tail - he feels so orientle.

## TEETOTAL CAMPAIGNERS,

WHAT'S this I hear at all! "All intoxicants"—that's fine language for good liquor—"stopped during the Egyptian campaign" (a word that's so like champagne, good luck to it!) by order of General GATACHE, and "only coffee allowed on the march to Abu Dis"—("A beautiful idea, truly!" as my old friend Maurice O'Shaughnessy might have said), and then "the troops stopped at Ghegni for tea"!!! Is it a mothers' meeting I'm reading about? What 'ud they do on St. Patrick's Day? Oh murder! just to think of the difference in our time in the Peninsula, and under the Iron Duke more betoken!

True, we had hard times occasionally, with hard biscuit and harder beef, but there was always a drop of "the cratur" to soften us. Ah! the sweet cratur she is! All spirit, yet plenty of body! And how the mischief could we have drunk the toast of "to the greatest Irishmen that ever lived, St. Patrick and Lord WELLINGTON," if we had had but a cup of tea to drink it in, like bread-and-butter misses at a boarding-school? Just cast your eye over the bill of fare in the true story of Charles O'Malley told by CHARLES LEVER! Why, just before Fuentes d'Onoro—"the night before LARRY was stretched"—didn't we enjoy the height of good livin', and of good feedin', and good drinkin'? "Sherry, champagne, London porter, Malaga, and even, I believe, Harvey's sauce, were hobnobbed in; while hot punch, in tea cups"—that's the way we used our tea-cups—or tin vessels, was unsparingly distributed on all sides." Mark the word "unsparingly." And now? Ah! "Blessed times on my life! I wish we had them back again!" with a butt of the "King of Spain's sherry!" What's the service coming to? Sir, the service is going to tea-pot.

Yours, MAJOR MONSOON.

The Coneydoil  
Shur'lacomb

This big friendly Creature is very strong and sagacious. If he finds a footprint he can tell you what colored hair it has and whether it is a liberal or a conservative—which is very clever I think. He plays all games and always makes a hundred. He likes to run through the Strand with his tail in pants—all of them strong and healthy—then he collects it all together and it wins for a long time by itself.

## Job's Comforter.

Mr. Flatfoot (to disconsolate owner of suburban lake, where, in a hard winter, hundreds of pounds are netted). Well, never mind, Mr. EDON, an American friend tells me that we're certain to have capital skating in July or August.

## LADIES OF THE PRESS" AT THE EMPIRE.

THE Empire is worthy of its reputation in the new ballet of "The Press." Here, thanks to the inventive powers of Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES, we have a review of the Fourth Estate (some say it should be called the Fifth) from the time of CAXTON to the end of the nineteenth century. In the initial tableau the first printing-machine is destroyed by office "devils," much to the regret of the master of the chapel. However, all things are set right by the arrival of a most charming representative of the Liberty of Journalism, who dances off the senior pressman through the centuries to Fleet Street in 1898. Here CAXTON "assists" at the wooing of a typewriter by a young gentleman selling "specials," and finds most of the offices of the leading papers within eye-shot. But the Liberty of the Press has something better to show her guest. CAXTON is carried into the Hall of the Periodicals, over the door of which appears the comforting legend that "the pen is mightier than the sword." Then comes one of the prettiest ballets of modern times. Dailies, weeklies, illustrateds, fashions, and sporting and dramatics in turn. Every paper of any importance having an office in London is seen to the best advantage. Never was there a more beautiful sight, and never a greater triumph for woman journalism. As a climax Mr. Punch himself appears, hale and hearty, and clad in court dress. With the Times he supports the old gentleman with the scythe, and shows that the world could not get on without them. It may be confidently predicted that for months and months to come the papers on the stage of the Empire will keep the "paper" out of the auditorium.

UNDOUBTED DOCK LABOURERS.—Gentry confronted with a verdict of "guilty" by the jury.



Brown (after an hour's digging for the ferret). "CALL THIS RABBIT SHOOTIN'! I CALL IT LANDSCAPE GARDENING!"

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TONY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, February 14.*  
—As a rule, nothing so dreary in House of Commons as a full-dress debate. One fatal condition is that the talk shall last a certain period—four days, three days, or, in merciful conditions of this week, two days. That limits possibilities of dreariness. But it suffices to invest performance with air of unreality. The stars in either party firmament will shine only at a particular hour. When their turn comes they blaze away at prodigious length. Intervals of dinner hour and the like are filled up by Members whom no one cares to hear. This is one of the things they certainly manage better in the Lords.

This Chitral debate was foredoomed by circumstances attending its commencement. Through recess Opposition been girding at Government, charging them with ill-considered policy leading to disastrous war. "Only wait till Parliament meets. Then, in spite of our numerical weakness, we will crush this foolish, iniquitous Government between the upper and nether millstone." Attack naturally expected on opening night of Session. But whole week frittered away in talk round impracticable amendments moved by inconsiderable private Members. To-night, when battle actually opens, Members already worn out. Tired of the whole business. Disposed to let off easy the worst Government in the world, if they may only go off to dinner or to bed.

"I happened, when a boy," says the Member for Sark, dropping into autobiography, as is his use when bored, "to get my earliest instruction in a



"Grand Cross."

Fons et origo of all the trouble on the Frontier?!

fighting school. The chief business in the morning classes was to arrange one or two bouts of fisticuffs in the dinner hour. But they always came off at earliest possible moment. Wasn't the custom for one boy, small or big, to go up to another on a Tuesday, and tell him that on the following Monday he would punch his head. The meeting was arranged for the earliest moment after noon, and invariably came off. That much more cheery than the alternative proposal in favour with our Captains, who, longing to be at 'em, put off the pinking for a week, whilst they truculently study a Blue Book which adds nothing to the broad facts long ago established.

*Business done.* — LAWSON WALTON, mildest-mannered pirate at the Bar, moves amendment to Address, attacking Ministerial policy on North-West Frontier of India.

*Tuesday.* — Athwart the depressing atmosphere of the pumped-up indignation about Chitral flashes a gleam of light. Through the recess, and at opening of debate, Opposition accused Members of being responsible for what MACLEAN, a level-headed man who knows his India, describes as the most inglorious war the British army has ever been engaged in, an unprovoked contest, the consequence of an utterly futile policy. Ministers, less eager to defend their policy than to evade responsibility, say it is all due to their predecessors. It was Lord ROSEBURY's Government that first went to Chitral. Successors compelled to follow in their footsteps.

In course of disputation somebody threw out suggestion that the real criminal is Lord Cross. In 1889, when he was at India Office, he officially approved project for opening a direct route to Chitral from the Peshawur frontier. Hounds away on this new trail with yelp of ecstatic delight. Not many Members of present House have personal recollection of GRAND CROSS whilst he was yet with us. From time to time,

decessor responsible for a feckless policy, a futile war. It was all GRAND CROSS.

*Business done.*—Vote of Censure on the Government in respect of Chitral business shows considerable falling off in normal majority. For the amendment 208, against 311. Majority dropped nearly forty.

"What do you think of that, TOBY," PRINCE ARTHUR said, a little nervously, as we walked home together.



CHATTING WITH THE DECEASED!

(Scene from the Westminster Version of "The Cat and the Cherrub.")

The learned Doctor Wee-To contrives to give it an appearance of life while the "street-god" (J-hn R-d-m-d) is about!

even now, his presence in the Peers' Gallery elevates and inspires the Commons. Members who do not recognise him by name look up and feel comforted and strengthened by contemplation of his supremely well-informed countenance.

As SARK says, "No mortal could be so wise as GRAND CROSS looks."

Of late years has fallen out of front rank of fighting politicians; believe he is something in present Ministry. Bet you a *Dod* not one out of ten men moderately well up in public affairs could name his office. Now, suddenly, out of this dull chaos of talk his name is heard again. He is the culprit. The loss of treasure, the check to British prestige, the mourning in a multitude of once happy households, all traceable to him.

Impossible to say which more delighted at this unexpected turn, HENRY FOWLER or GEORGE HAMILTON. With difficulty they restrain impulse to fling themselves across table to meet in friendly embrace. Not this Government or its pre-

"Well, since you ask me, I should say it is a friendly verdict of 'Not guilty, but for goodness' sake don't do it any more.'"

*House of Lords, Thursday.*—Every one glad to see the MARKISS in his place to-night. Looks as if he had never brought down the entrance gate of his park as if it were the doors of the gate of the city of Gaza, and so passed on,

Not in entire forgetfulness,

And not in utter nakedness;

But, trailing clouds of brickdust, do we come

To Hatfield, which is our home.

The Member for Sark insists that there is more in the matter than meets the eye. What the curious story is meant to convey is a commentary on present situation in the Cabinet. In debate on Address, the MARKISS made some deprecatory remarks about people who want to fight everybody and take everything. This, kind friends insist, was a sly hit at his dearly-beloved colleague, the COLONIAL SECRETARY. DON JOSE not the man to lie low and say nuffin' when any one assails him. Determined to read the MARKISS a lesson. Accordingly (so

SARK has heard) he on Tuesday night managed to disguise himself in coachman's uniform, took the reins and coachman's seat, and drove the unsuspecting MARKISS homeward. Arrived at the gateway, he, by deft touch of whip and rein, succeeded in leaving the MARKISS and the hinder portion of the carriage stuck in the gateway, whilst he drove on unhurt and triumphant.

"A very remarkable story," I said, dubiously. "What does it perpend?"

"Which thing is an allegory," said SARK, impatiently. "Don't you see it was intended to convey to MARKISS a gentle intimation that if, in driving the Unionist coach, he flattered himself he could gain the whip-hand of DON JOSE, he would soon find the coach broken up, himself left behind with the wreck, whilst DON JOSE gaily drove off, unhampered and unhurt."

"Ah! I see," I said. Not sure that I do, but it's no use arguing with SARK.

*Business done.*—In Commons, JOHN DILLON's amendment to Address demanding endowment of Roman Catholic University in Ireland, negatived. Almost brought tears to the eyes to observe the anxiety in various quarters on both sides of House to see the proposal carried into effect. PRINCE ARTHUR, JOHN MORLEY, CARSON, Q.C., and COURTNEY (in excellent speech) from various points of view supported the amendment. Only they united in beseeching DILLON to withdraw it.

"Some other time," they said, mopping damp eyes. "Some other time."

*Friday night.*—Irish Members renewed their attack on War Office in matter of frozen meat. Since Session opened their nightly habit has been to come down secreting about their persons joints of frozen meat, which they shy at POWELL WILLIAMS on Treasury Bench. (This of course in Parliamentary sense.) Has borne the ordeal with exemplary patience. But the Financial Secretary will turn at last. To-night being struck in the abdomen with a chunk of Australian mutton flung by Captain DONNELAN, he lifted up his voice in loud lamentation.

"I begin to think," he said, ducking his head as half a sirloin of American beef came his way, "that the Financial Secretary to the War Office ought to be a butcher."

Something in the idea. A monotony about the Treasury Bench with its row of gentlemen in morning dress. POWELL WILLIAMS with his coat off, his sleeves turned up displaying his manly forearm, a blue apron turned back over his sturdy knees, a steel at his belted waist, and a knife in his greasy hand, would make a picturesque adjunct to the comeliness of HER MAJESTY'S Ministry.

*Business done.*—Address agreed to.

#### A RECORD RAIN OF GOLD.

Mr. Punch sincerely congratulates Alderman Sir GEORGE FAUDEL-PHILLIPS on the fact that the great sum of £267,000 was collected at the Mansion House during his Mayoralty, for distribution to the poor, needy and suffering in all parts of the Empire. Evidently Sir GEORGE FAUDEL was the right man in the right place to give fillips to the charitable disposition of his fellow-citizens. And there are those who would abolish the Corporation!

A LITERARY PURSUIT.—Chasing a newspaper in a high wind.



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**"Three Star"**  
**Brandy.**

**"APENTA"**  
 THE BEST NATURAL APERIENT  
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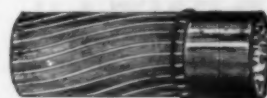
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6d. and 1s.

3d. per 2 oz. Packet.



## VINOLIA VIOLET POWDER.

Specially prepared for  
Toilet and Nursery  
Use.

In 2 oz. Packet, 3d.  
In Quarter-Pound Tin or  
Packet, 6d.

6d.



## PREMIER VINOLIA DENTIFRICE.

Keeps the Teeth Ivory  
White, Healthy, and  
Beautiful.

In Glass Bottle, 6d.  
In Metal Boxes,  
6d. and 1s.

Liquid Vinolia Dentifrice, 6d.

6d.



## BLONDEAU PERFUMES.

Concentrated—Delicate—Pure.

White Rose	White Heliotrope
Wallflower	Musk
Millefleur	Rondeletia
Musk Rose	Ambergis
Honey-suckle	Narcissus
Jessamine	Stephanotis
Wood Violet	Frangipani
Ess. of St. Germain	Patchouli
Marchal Niel	Opopanax
Jockey Club	Ylang Ylang
New St. Marks	Violette de Parme
Lily of the Valley	Chypre
Amazilia	Mignonne
Hyacinth	Violet
White Lilac	Clematis

Fleur d'Espagne

6d. per Bottle and upwards.

## ELIMAN'S ROYAL EMBROCATION

"AN  
EXCELLENT  
GOOD  
THING"



Prepared only by  
ELIMAN SONS & CO  
LEIGH  
ENGLAND



"IT  
I WILL  
HAVE  
OR  
I WILL  
HAVE  
NONE"

BOTTLES  
1/4 3/4 3/4  
JARS  
10/6 20/6

ECONOMY  
IN THE STABLE

SPRAINS, CUTS, BRUISES, ETC.

"Beautifully Cool  
and Sweet Smoking."



Sold only in 1-ounce Packets and 2, 4, and 8-ounce, and 1-lb. Tins,  
which keep the Tobacco in Fine Smoking Condition. Ask at all Tobacco  
Sellers, Stores, &c., and take no other.

The genuine bears the Trade Mark, "NOTTINGHAM CASTLE," on every Packet and Tin.

## PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES,

Are now obtainable in Packets containing 6 and 12, and in Tins of 24, 60, and 100.  
The "MAGNUMS" (large size) are sold in Card Cases containing 5, and in Tins  
of 15, 50 and 100.